

## Call Me Pretty Boy by Heartithateyou

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** BI STEVE, Billy is secretly fluffy, Coming Out, Cute, Cute Ending, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Getting Together, Love Letters, M/M, One Off, One Shot, Random & Short, Randomness, Secret Crush, Short, Short & Sweet, Short One Shot, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, accidental confessions, billy pov, gay billy

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-07-10

**Updated:** 2018-07-10

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 05:09:21

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,092

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Billy has a horrible crush on Steve Harrington, King of Hawkins. So a slightly tipsy Billy thinks its a good idea to write a love letter to him.

Except that it doesn't end up in the locker that he means for it to.

## Call Me Pretty Boy

### Author's Note:

- Inspired by [It's A Lovely Feeling](#) by [moonflowers](#).

Thank you @moonflowers for the wonderful inspiration for the fic!

Please check them and their amazing works out!!

It wasn't his fault.

It really wasn't.

But he had been forced to go to the stupid dance they apparently held every winter at Hawkins and like hell if he was going to suffer through it sober.

Even tipsy though (okay, maybe even more than a little tipsy) the dance was boring at best. It seemed like everyone was hell-bent on grinding on each other to some awful synth pop. On top of it, he was having to fend off every cow at the school who was trying to get him on the dance floor.

Normally he could find some enthusiasm to grind on someone somewhat passable, but he didn't feel like faking it tonight.

Especially not when the real object of his affections was barely ten feet away.

Steve fucking Harrington.

The King of Hawkins.

He can't believe he has some school girl crush on some pretty boy. I mean, what were the chances of some bum-fuck town even having someone as good looking as that? He thought staying away from guys would be the least of his problems here, he should have known he wouldn't be that lucky.

He'd known he was fucked since the second he laid eyes on him, so coped the best way he knew how which was to be a total douche bag and do everything in his power to get him to stay the fuck away from him.

Unfortunately, it didn't make things any better.

In a town this small, it wasn't like he could really avoid him completely, so instead he was stuck admiring him from afar.

Admiring the way his body moved during basketball practice, watching him bite his lip as he struggled to understand some symbolism in English class, admiring his smile when he was joking around in the lunchroom.

It was pure fucking torture.

And right now he was in fucking hell.

How the hell could Steve look so fucking attractive with that stupid hair, wearing some stupid teal suit, dancing like some cheesy boy band member.

It wasn't fair. He kept trying to keep his eyes away from the dance floor and try to find anything else to peak his interest, but his attention kept sliding back to Harrington.

He let out a groan as Steve started doing some dance move that involved way too much twisting of the hips and Billy's mind immediately fell into the gutter.

"Fuck this." He mutters, before pushing himself off the wall and walking towards the locker room. He's thankful its empty and breaks out his flask and downs most of it. Adding more alcohol to this fire probably isn't the best idea, but this night was already going to hell in a handbasket. He sits down on the bench and tries to think about anything other than Steve Harrington.

Steve Harrington. And his beautiful fucking eyes. And his luscious lips. And that stupidly gorgeous body.

But it was more than that. It was how funny he was, it was how

earnest he was, it was how brave he was. It was how he was never afraid to stand up for what he believed in and could give it back to Billy as good as he got.

It was all the annoying things that made him know this was more than lust.

Which made this even harder to deal with. It was like he had too much bottled up inside and it wouldn't stop rattling around his head.

He looks around the locker room and his eyes land on the showers, eliciting a host of memories. Way too many showers with Steve, trying not to let his eyes linger too long and being sure he was being way too obvious with his flirting. I mean, did Steve really think he had to get that close to him to have a chat? Or that it was really necessary to wink at your teammates?

"Fuck this." He mutters, looking around before finding a random notebook lying there. He flips to a random page and rips out a blank page. He grabs a pen and starts scrawling out a drunken ramble.

Before he can think too much about it, he shoves it into Harrington's locker and stumbles out of the locker room. He decides to call it a night, glancing one more time over at Steve before he slams his way out of the gymnasium.

Fucking Harrington.

After a terribly hungover Sunday, Monday rolls around and he has to deal with seeing Steve again at basketball practice. The entire day he's been bothered by something, like he keeps trying to remember something he forgot. It's pissing him off that he can't remember, so he already isn't in the best mood when he arrives at practice.

He has to hold in a groan as Steve is assigned to skins, is the entire universe against him? Now he has to look at Steve's half naked body the whole time?

Of course he's assigned to guarding Steve, so he decides to just half ass it so he doesn't have to press his body against Steve's any more

than is necessary.

During one especially aggressive shove, Steve is lying on the court, panting slightly. He has to bite his cheek for a second and try to let his brain think about how hot that would be under other circumstances.

After a moment, he leans down and offers his hand to Steve.

“Are you actually going to help me up this time?” Steve asks warily, which is fair to be honest.

“Shut up and take my hand pretty boy.” He grits out, before pulling Steve to his feet. He must have pulled a little too hard, because Steve is way closer than he expected, so close he can feel his breath on his.

“Just fucking plant your feet next time.” He says as he shoves him away, trying not to think about Steve’s hand in his and how good it felt.

After practice, they all head to the locker room and he instantly has a flashback to Saturday night. He remembers being in here and drinking too much, then for whatever fucking reason thinking it was necessary to write something down...

And he remembers thinking about Steve...

No.

No.....

Was he really drunk enough to write some sappy love letter and slip it into Steve’s locker?

The memory comes rushing back to him all too clearly and his heart immediately starts going a million miles a minute.

He is fucked. So beyond fucked.

Did he sign his name? He honestly can’t remember at this point, how could he be so fucking dumb?

What should he do? Tackle Steve? Brush it off as some joke? Burn down the school?

He realizes belatedly that Steve is opening his locker and he's too late to anything about it.

But the locker swings open and reveals nothing. Nada. Just Steve's douchey jacket and hair junk.

Honestly? What the fuck?

"Ooooooh someone's got a love letter!" Tommy hollers out, revealing a folded-up piece of notebook paper. He waves it around like a goddamn flag and he immediately recognizes his own handwriting.

Fuck. Was he serious? Tommy's locker was right next Steve's but he still couldn't believe he was this stupid.

"Read it!" Some other douchebag shouts from the other side of the locker room. He had to restrain himself from hitting him in the face.

Tommy clears his throat dramatically, "I can't help wanting you, even though I know there are a million reasons I shouldn't. No matter what I do, I can't stop thinking about you.."

Fuck, that was his opening line? He had to hold back a groan at how desperate that sounded. Steve Harrington was turning him into a goddamn sap.

"Its stupidly unfair how got you are. All I can think about is my hands on your body and kissing your perfect fucking lips. Wooooo, I hope Carol doesn't hear that!" Tommy says, smacking the guy next to him on the arm. Everyone in the locker room seemed to be loving every minute of this and he was just hoping some hole to another dimension would swallow him up.

He tried to keep his face as neutral as possible, but he felt himself dying inside from the mortification. He glances over at Steve, who's listening with an amused smile, like he can't believe someone would write that to his bonehead friend.

"I don't know if I've ever felt like this before, from the moment I

meant you I knew it was going to be the best or worst thing that's ever happened to me. Oh baby, one night and you'll know it was the best thing!" Tommy whoops.

He wasn't sure what was worse, hearing the words he wrote or hearing Tommy read them like a fucking frat boy.

He couldn't believe he had actually written these words with the intent of Steve reading them. What was he thinking? That this was some shitty rom-com where he'd profess his love and everything would magically work out? Steve had him all sorts of fucked up if he was deluded enough to imagine that fantasy.

"I know I've fucked up and I am so sorry. I hope you forgive me pretty boy. Well I've been called a lot of things before, pretty ain't one of them! Sounds like somebody has it bad for me!" Tommy says with a holler, whooping it up with the other guys in the locker room.

He feels his blood run cold as he repeats the last two words over and over to himself.

Pretty boy. Pretty boy. Pretty boy.

Shit, why did he have to call him that? Why the fuck did he write that down?

He tries to keep his eyes glued to the floor, but he can't help himself. He glances over at Steve and suddenly their eyes lock. Steve is looking at him with a look he can't quite figure out, but all he knows is its way too obvious that Steve knew the letter was about him.

And must have figured out who had written it.

Fuck.

He gathers his things as quickly as he can without being insanely obvious and books it out of locker room.

He makes it out of the school and into the parking lot, before he hears a voice behind him.

"Hargrove! Billy, wait!" He hears Steve yell. He whips around and

sees Steve practically running across the parking lot towards him.

“Can I help you with something Harrington? Or did you want to keep yelling and get the attention of the entire school?” He hisses, looking around the lot furtively. Luckily, there isn’t anyone around but he feels cagey anyway. He feels way too exposed, in more ways than one.

“Sorry, but I need to talk to you.” Steve says breathlessly, closing the distance between them. His skin is still dewy from basketball practice and his hair is slightly disheveled.

In other words, he looks fucking gorgeous.

“I don’t think so.” He hisses, turning back to his car and fumbling for his keys, hoping for a quick getaway.

“Billy, please.” Steve pleads, placing his hand on his shoulder.

Fuck. He makes the mistake of looking back at Steve and sees those damn puppy dog eyes looking back at him.

Well, they’d probably have to do this sooner or later.

“Fine. Get in the car.” He grits out, ripping the car door open before slamming it behind him. He’s imagining the millions of ways this can go and they all suck.

Steve gets in and won’t stop looking at him with those damn puppy eyes. He focuses on getting them out of the parking lot and the hell away from school.

He drives as fast as possible towards the quarry, glad that Steve just shuts the hell up for the ride over. He doesn’t dare look over at him again, scared of what he may see on Steve’s face.

He parks at the edge of it and realizes how deafeningly quiet it is when he turns off the engine.

“So what is It Harrington?” He blurts out, way harsher than he means to. But this whole situation has him jumpy as hell and he feels completely off balance.



And that wasn't a feeling he liked. Usually it meant he wasn't going to like what happened next.

"Did you... did you write that letter?" Steve asks softly, finally taking his eyes off of him and staring ahead at the quarry.

"To Tommy? Can't believe you think my tastes are that bad. Listen, if I ever get desperate enough that Tommy starts looking good, you can put me out of my misery." He says with a snort, trying to turn it into a joke. He grabs a cigarette and hopes Steve doesn't know how shaky his hands are when he lights it.

"I don't think it was meant for Tommy." Steve says, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Oh, is that so Harrington? Well what the fuck do you know?" He asks as he takes a long drag of his smoke.

"I know you call me pretty boy." Steve counters, his eyes locking onto his. He had always loved the color of Steve's eyes, like a good whiskey, but right now it hurts to look at him.

"So what? What, you think I just decided to be like some school girl and write you some gay ass love letter? And fuck up by putting it in the wrong locket? What kind of lame ass rom-com do you think your life is?" He shouts, wondering if he isn't talking to himself.

Because things never work out for Billy. They just don't.

"Fine. I must have misunderstood." Steve says, his hand on the door handle like he's about to leave.

He wants to tell him to stop, to explain that he had written those words, and that he had meant everyone.

But how could he? It was safer this way. Sure, Steve may never know how he felt, but he also didn't have to worry about Steve turning him down with disgust and calling him some fag. Having to worry about a shit storm his life would turn into because of it.

"But just so you know... Billy, I forgave you a long time ago." Steve says softly, his hand not leaving the door.

"You... you did?" He asks gently, wondering if he could really believe what he's hearing.

"Yeah. I uhhhh.... I talked to Max. After that night. She said that she knew I fucked up, but I shouldn't be so harsh on you. Something about not having the best home life. And Billy... we share a locker room. I've seen the bruises." Steve says gently, far too softly for someone who had gotten their face beaten in by him.

What had he done for Steve to still be kind to him after everything that had happened?

"Fucking Maxine. Should have known that little shit couldn't keep her mouth shut. I'd appreciate if you did." He says, feeling his throat grow tight. The last thing he needed was more rumors going around about his family.

"Don't be harsh on her, she's one of the reasons I forgave you. And don't worry, I won't say anything. About that or the letter." Steve says, turning his gaze back to the quarry. He notices how clenched Steve's jaw is and realizes Steve looks just as nervous about this as he feels.

"Thanks, I guess." He says, looking out on the quarry as well. He feels like they're skating near the edge of something, both afraid to venture past the unspoken safety zone.

"Just tell me one thing." Steve asks, his voice low and soft. He hates how soothing Steve's voice is, it makes him feel way too comfortable and he's sure something stupid will slip out.

"Sure. One thing." He says as he snuffs out his cigarette, crushing it into the ash. His mind is running wild with all of the possibilities of what Steve could want him to say.

"Tell me you didn't write the letter." Steve whispers, turning to look at him. Even with keeping his eyes straight ahead, he could see the expression on Steve's face. It was pleading and desperate, like nothing else mattered except this moment.

"What the fuck do you think Harrington?" He snaps back, keeping his

eyes focused on the quarry so he doesn't have to look at Steve straight on. Because being on the receiving end of that look could goddamn break his heart.

"I just want to hear you say it." Steve begs again. Something inside of him snaps and he turns to look at Steve, ready to give some reply so harsh and cruel that he never wants to speak to Billy again and he can forget this whole mess.

"I..." He begins, trailing off. It's like Steve's eyes were staring into him, that part of him that was all mushy and vulnerable and defenseless.

And he can't do it. He can't make some awful reply, he can't make a joke out of this. He just stares at Steve and hopes he can convey all the words he can't say.

"Billy..." Steve says, reaching his hand out to him slowly, like he's scared he'll run away.

"If you fucking tell anyone I wrote that, I swear to god-" He's cut off but Steve's lips crashing into his, hot and desperate and needy. He moans and he begins to kiss Steve back, grabbing the back of his head and tangling his fingers into his hair, needing to feel that this is real, that Steve is really here and kissing him.

"I can't stop thinking about you either." Steve whispers as he pulls away slightly, close enough that he can still feel Steve's lips.

"Can't believe I wrote all the corny bullshit." He says, burrowing his face into Steve's neck so he doesn't seem him blush.

"But it wasn't bullshit, right? I mean, what you wrote..." Steve asks, pulling back so he can look him in the eyes. He remembers the rumors about him and Nancy and kisses him gently on the lips before reassuring him.

"It was all true. Probably wouldn't have made it sound like some bad sonnet from English class, but it's all true pretty boy." He says with a laugh, kissing Steve on the neck gently, before biting down softly.

"I like it when you call me pretty boy." Steve moans as he continues

to work on his neck.

“And I like you pretty boy.”

**Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading!

Feel free to leave comments!